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ABSTRACT

One of a series of 20 literary magazine profiles written to help faculty advisors wishing to start or improve their publication, this profile provides information on staffing and production of "Emphasis, the magazine published by Wayne Valley High School, Wayne, New Jersey. The introduction describes the literary magazine contest (and criteria), which was sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English and from which the 20 magazines were chosen. The remainder of the profile--based on telephone interviews with the advisor, the contest entry form, and the two judges' evaluation sheets--discusses (1) the magazine format, including paper and typestyles; (2) selection and qualifications of the students on staff, as well as the role of the advisor in working with them; (3) methods used by staff for acquiring and evaluating student submissions; (4) sources of funding for the magazine, including fund raising activities if applicable, and production costs; and (5) changes and problems occurring during the advisor's tenure, and anticipated changes. The 1984 issue of the magazine is appended. (HTH)

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AN EXEMPLARY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE: EMPHASIS

Compiled by

Hilary Taylor Holbrook

INTRODUCTION

In 1984, the National Council of Teachers of English began a national competition to recognize student literary magazines from senior high, junior high, and middle schools in the United States, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. Judges in the state competitions for student magazines were appointed by state leaders who coordinated the competition at the state level.

The student magazines were rated on the basis of their literary quality (imaginative use of language; appropriateness of metaphor, symbol, imagery; precise word choice; rhythm, flow of language), types of writing included (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, drama), quality of editing and proofreading, artwork and graphic design (layout, photography, illustrations, typography, paper stock, press work), and frontmatter and pagination (title page, table of contents, staff credits). Up to 10 points were also either added for unifying themes, cross-curricular involvement, or other special considerations, or subtracted in the case of a large percentage of outside professional and/or faculty involvement.

In the 1984 competition, 290 literary magazines received ratings of "Above average," 304 were rated "Excellent," and 44

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earned "Superior" ratings from state contest judges. On the basis of a second judging, 20 of the superior magazines received the competition's "Highest Award."

As a special project, the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills has selected 20 magazines from those receiving "Superior" ratings to serve as models for other schools wishing to start or improve their own student literary magazines. The profiles of these magazines are based on the faculty advisor's contest entry sheet, the judges' evaluation sheets, and interviews with the faculty advisors. Where possible, the magazines themselves have been appended. Information for ordering copies of the magazines is contained at the end of each profile.

EMPHASIS

Wayne Valley High School

Wayne, New Jersey

Principal: Richard Yanni

Faculty Advisors: Louisa Dette and Rosalina Primiano

Student Editor-in-Chief: Karen Parver

...Man and machine, symbiosis extraordinaire,
Neither the master, together unequalled....

--"Man and Machine"
Frank Borkowski
Wayne Valley student

Wayne Valley High School is a four year public-school located in suburban Wayne, New Jersey, an upper middle-class community of 50,000. The school enrolls approximately 1,320 students, only about 2 percent of which are minority students--primarily Asian immigrants. Wayne Valley has a long tradition of support for the cultural arts. For example, the school sponsors frequent student poetry readings, and the school's student literary magazine, Emphasis, has been published for almost 30 years and has won awards from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association and the American scholastic Press Association.

FORMAT: THEMATIC

The 1984 issue of Emphasis measures 9 1/2" x 7" wide, is center stapled, and printed on white felt finish paper. The black coated cover is blank, with a rectangular cut-out showing a Universal Price Code and the magazine's name from the title page beneath. The price code, repeated throughout the magazine, emphasizes the "man and machine" theme for this issue, taken from the student poem excerpted above and other works dealing with technology.

Text is printed in 10 Joanna typeface, and authors in 10 point Univers Italic. Most titles are in Meridian typeface, but other styles include Clearface Bold and Libra. There are four lavender colored sheets in the magazine, highlighting--among other student works--poems entitled "the lavender-flavored bus, etc." and "from Dream Amethyst: death song." Black and white photographs and artwork complement the text, while two fuschia line drawings contribute to the lavender theme. The magazine features foreign language poetry, a musical composition, a ballad, essays, poetry, and fiction.

PRODUCTION: BY COMMITTEES

Except for printing, which is done by a commercial facility, and a small percentage of editing and proofreading done by the faculty advisors, Emphasis is produced by the students on the staff. This staff is open to anyone interested in participating, and its 30 or more students are divided into art, business, literary, and production committees. Editors for each of these areas, as well as for typing and cultural activities, are

selected. Staff editorsare chosen on the a basis of their outstanding literary criticism skills, and their ability to discern why a piece is good or poor rather than why it appealspersonally.

Occasionally the staff meets during brief homeroom periods forthe organizational stage of production, but usually the staff meets after school. Louisa Dette and Rosalina Primiano, who have been faculty advisors since 1976, are actively involved in the decision making and production processes, but the staff members have the final say. Most of the production work is done with the editors and seniors on the production staff, and, since the staff produces the camera-ready copy that goes to the printer, production staff members strive until the last minute to improve the design of each page.

SUBMISSIONS: AN INSTITUTION

According to Ms. Dette and Ms. Primiano, Emphasis is such a tradition that they "just pass the word to the English teachers and they become inundated with submissions." Names are removed from submissions to assure anonymity when representatives of the literary staff read them. Staff members then vote on which works will be included.

Usually a theme suitable for that year's issue will suggest itself among the submissions as, for example, with 1984's "man and machine." Other topics touched upon by student writing are divorce, friendship, death, and nature. Sometimes specific works of art are selected to complement a written work, and vice versa. Ms. Primiano and Ms. Dette note that the staff look for variety

when selecting works. In an effort to include works from every kind of student, from honors to special education, the advisors admit that sometimes a work will be included that may not be of the highest literary or artistic quality, because publishing the work will benefit the student's self-esteem and encourage his or her creative endeavors. In this way, the magazine remains a publication of the entire student body rather than that of an elitist group.

FUNDING: BUSINESS STAFF

Emphasis receives no funding from the school or the district, so the staff relies on sales of the magazine and on fundraising activities. Fundraising accounts for about 60 percent of the magazine budget, and the planning for these activities falls primarily to the students on the business staff, although everyone on the various staffs participates. In 1984, the staff sponsored a "battle of the bands" contest featuring local rock musicians. Candy sales, car washes, and leaf raking are among the other activities used to raise money in previous years.

Thirty percent of the funding comes from sales of current issues, with another 10 percent coming from sales of past issues. The staff produces Emphasis at a cost of $6.50 per copy for a print run of 400, and sells it to students for $3.00 each. Expenses run from $1,500 to $2,000.

EMPHASIS: IMPROVEMENT

Because the layout and production work is done by staff members, Ms. Primiano and Ms. Dette admit that putting the magazine together "gets to be very big." Nevertheless, the

advisors and staff try every year to improve the magazine, in terms of quality in content, production, and design. Emphasis will continue to be a professional looking medium in support of culture at Wayne Valley.

**

Copies of Emphasis are available from

Wayne Valley High School

551 Valley Road

Wayne, NJ 07470

Price: $3.00 (plus postage)

volume 27 Wayne Valley High School 551 Valley Road, Wayne, New Jersey 07470

Man and machine, symbiosis extraordinaire,
Neither the master, together unequalled.

Frank Borkowski

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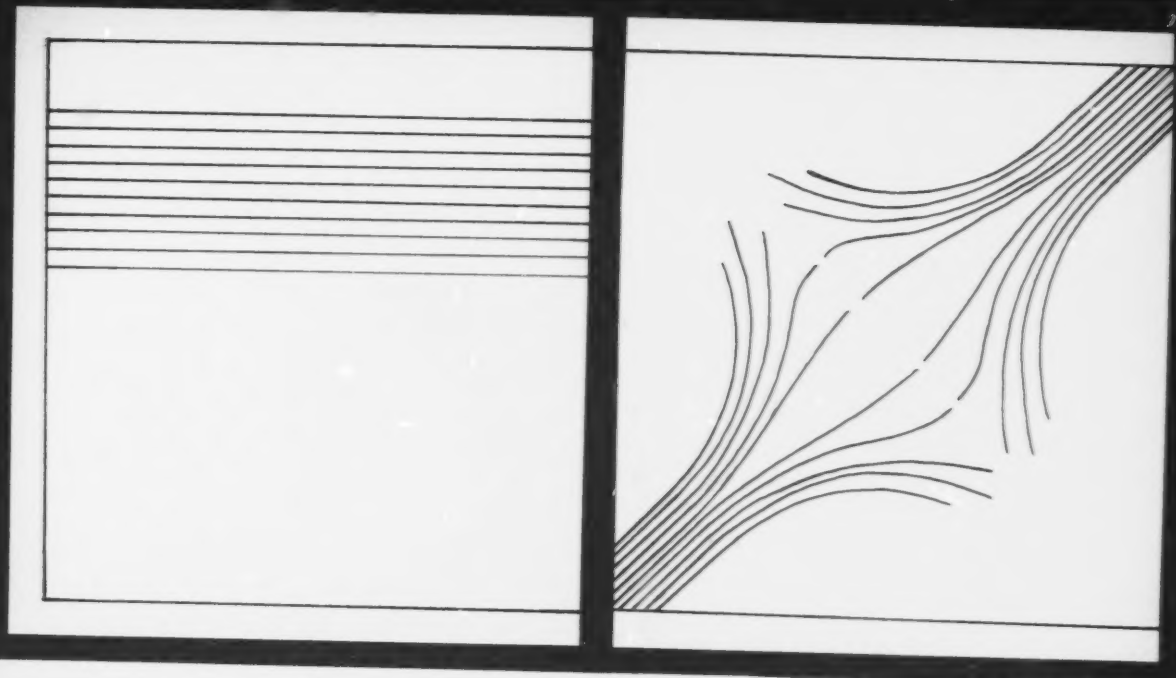
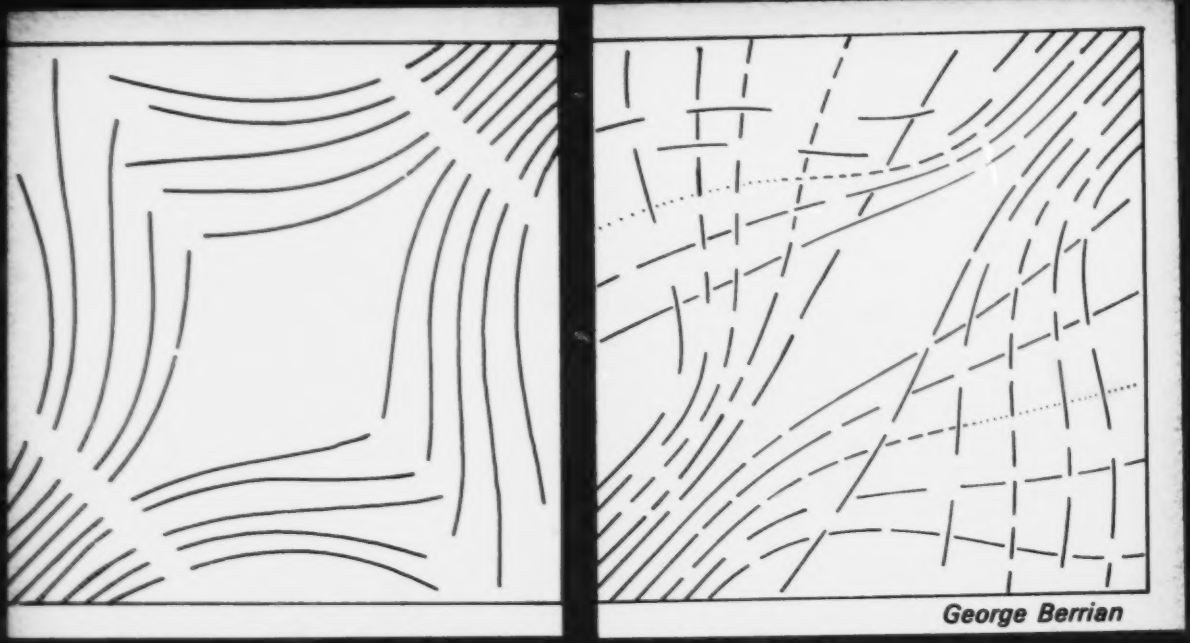


MAN AND MACHINE

Peaceful, remote, the ultimate ecstasy,
Man and his flying machine alone in the sky,
The cockpit not cramped, yet reassuringly close,
The controls responsive, but not too sensitive.
Man and machine, symbiosis extraordinaire,
Neither the master, together unequaled.
The sun almost set, now downward it plunges.
The runway lit in hues red, green and blue.
Man and machine line up for landing,
Over the runway, the engine shut down,
Descending softly, now up with the nose,
The wheels kiss, just as her wings stall.
Oh so gently, yet firmly brakes applied,
Together and apart, they have come home.

Frank Borkowski

12



George Berrian

36 x 12

We are all chimera men, the stuff of stars
the engineered
who engineer
the dust dropped from the sun.
Chimera men,
who hew the stone
and make machines.....
to build the walls of Babylon.

William Rubel

HAIKU

Above opaque lust
voices of lovers murmured
within light breath

computer: Hewlett-Packard 2000

the lavender-flavored bus, etc.

The flying clock wakes me up,
knocks me out
of my cardboard-and-plastic world.
Falling from the rocking horse,
I grab for the floor
And miss,
Float through the air
While faces, distorted,
Laugh at me from nowhere.
The book of Reality drifts by,
But as I grab for it,
I lose my balance in thin air.
I fall straight up,
Breaking my light,
Which splinters
And flies through the ceiling.
Gone.
The room turns green,
And I must kill my shoe
I know not why.
But I cannot find it.
The book floats by again;
with a snatch I have it.
I try to read,
When suddenly the giraffe screams.
The book burns my hands.
As I drop it left
Straight through the fun-house mirror,
Sideways through life.
I find the door,
It changes sound as I walk through it.
The floor moves in waves,
Breaking on the walls.
Almost I miss
Seeing the car
'68 Chevy-good year
Roars by up the wall.
I wave to Uncle Fred,
Doing a U-Turn on the ceiling.
I see the smell of toast burning,
Waft up from downstairs.
Following the taste-green, in fact,
I come into the kitchen,
Make some breakfast,
Then depart for school.
Down the lavender-flavored hallway
That some people
Call a bus.

15 *Andrew Wheeler*

from DREAM AMETHYST: death song

I

...

Silver light spills through the garden of her
secret haunts
and falls in cold drops
softening the shore with the image of her
dark raiment and the visage
of old dreams taken shape in her eyes
She left the comfort of her warm sea
and the patterns of grey slits which change
as seaweed sways in the current's flight
to live the dream of new shores she saw from

beneath, without realizing until her arrival
the light golden scent of air
as we forget our hold on the heavens...
...and her spirit rose to the air to die violently
with hope as a Phoenix
for her instant without hope is her fire
and her fire without air is but dust
The songs of raven feathered bird were
drowned by a howl that spoke in the wind
The distance was filled by a dark creature
which she saw as the wolf of the past
His shriek tore at her ears with the sting
of a thousand needles
and his eyes burned with the desire to take
on a world that holds him
by devouring her soul...
...the wolf sank his fangs into her black garment
and ripped the cloak subduing her
She sprouted quick white wings and took
to the air
As the pain of her first strokes which
gave no movement
was dressed in her soft ashen face
the wolf cried
I am a bird you can't uncage
your song will always be of the wolf
freedom
and flight...

Marci Stein

16 x 20

Pigeons with Red Feet

So I decided to take a walk, right in the middle of U.S. History. After all, the old man was practically falling asleep during the Civil War and my knee was acting up again. When my knee acts up I can't sit still so I took all of my books, with brown paper bag covers from the food store with "Led Zeppelin Rules" scribbled all over the place and walked out of the classroom. You know, I don't even think he noticed. I went to my hall locker and after doing my gym locker combination twice, I finally got the damn thing open. I chucked all my salutes to the Zeppelin into the locker and ripped the picture of Pete Townshend off the door. That's the kind of mood I was in. Anyway, I walked out of school with half of Pete Townshend's face and waved to the principal on the way out. Would you believe he waved back?

You know, as I was sitting in history I figured out what was wrong with the world in general, Attitude. People just have the wrong attitude about everything. Like my history teacher for example, I don't know if he figured out the reason everybody cuts his class, but if he can't stay awake during one of his own lectures, how the hell does he expect us to? That's what I call a poor attitude. And if you think Led Zep gives a damn whether or not you scribble their name on your math book, forget it! As long as you bought a copy of their last album, they're thrilled to death. It's all attitude, you see.

We were dissecting frogs and I put the small intestine down his sweat shirt.

I should have listened to my mom this morning, it really is cold out here. I'm the kind of person who usually isn't bothered by the weather. I can walk around in July with a parka or in January in shorts and not feel a thing, but today? It must be seven hundred below. I put my hands in my pockets and headed toward Central Park. Today rates a negative three on a scale from one to ten. Everybody's lost his sense of humor, for instance Eddy Jackson, my lab partner in Bio. We were dissecting frogs and I put the small intestine down his sweat shirt. Have you ever seen anybody turn green? I mean really green? Neither had I until Bio this morning. Anyway, everybody's lost his sense of humor.

Central Park. The only things crazy enough to be here in this cold are me, the pigeons, and the old ladies feeding the pigeons. Pigeons are disgusting, really they are, so I'm not going to talk about them. Why people want to sit in Central Park on a cold day feeding pigeons is beyond me.

J. Scott Hester

11

They should starve to death. Thousands of dead pigeons lying on the grass in Central Park with their little red feet pointed to Heaven, I have a good mind to tell those old ladies to go home. Well, that's how I feel about pigeons. I feel the same way about the little old ladies who feed them. I know that's not a nice thought, but it's true. They sit with little brown bags full of stale bread and throw it in front of the filthy birds. I know they're God's creatures, but are they dirty or what? They go around eating the stale bread like it's quiche. Maybe I'll go have lunch at the diner later, all this talk about food is making me hungry.

I have to sit down now because my knee is acting up. Another thing I

don't like about the park is the little kids who come here to play ball on their lunch break. Damn, little kids should be banned from all public places. Here come some now, all wearing heavy coats, hats and mittens. I ought to mug one of them for a hat, it's freezing. I feel very mean today. These kids can't even throw or catch a ball. They look like the damned Mets. I'm going to bother these kids. I enjoy doing that when I'm feeling mean. I'm going to take their ball, that ought to be good. Look at them, scrambling around like pigeons.

Oh, my damn knee! I told you these kids can't throw. I'm down on one knee in front of this bench because some first grader hit me in the knee with a baseball. Maybe I should tell you about the knee. It's an old football injury from sophomore year. Some jerk from Queens kicked me in the knee last Thanksgiving. My knee wound up somewhere on my thigh. This old lady just walked up to me and asked if something was wrong. No lady, nothing's wrong. I'm proposing to this bench. Look lady, go feed your pigeons. I don't feel so mean now, I feel very stupid. All I have to show for today is half of Pete Townshend's face and a sore knee. I give up. I hate pigeons with red feet. I'm going to have lunch now, and it won't be stale bread.

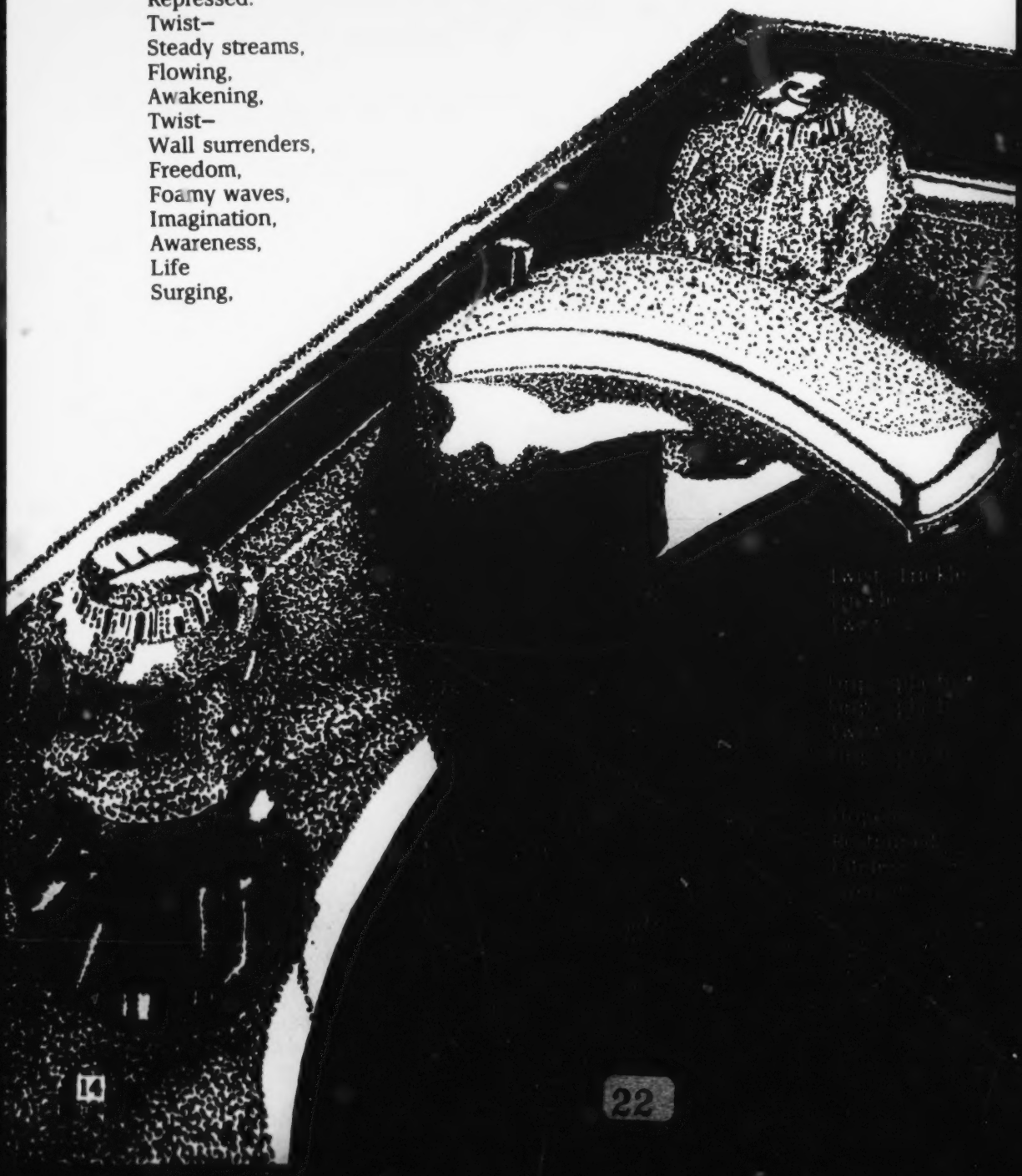
Liza Martino

J. Scott Hester

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

THE FAUCET

Walled in,
Repressed.
Twist–
Steady streams,
Flowing,
Awakening,
Twist–
Wall surrenders,
Freedom,
Foamy waves,
Imagination,
Awareness,
Life
Surging.



J. Scott Hester

IF A GIRL DON'T GOT A NICE BOD...

Let's face it. If a girl don't got a nice bod, she's got nothin'. I've always been a little chunky, so I thought to myself, "Hey, you're sixteen now, so let's do somethin' about it." So, I started lookin' into these new weight-loss products.

BODY-GONE

Are you fat? A little chunky? Or just right? Well, come on, take care of your problem and get with the 80's. Starve yourself! Bony women are attractive to today's men, and with "Body-Gone" you, too, can be a stick. For your 14-day supply, send $17.95 to

Body-Gone
P.O.Box 111
Anytown, N.Y. 12345

FLESH- AWAY

Come on, all you fatsos. Let's lose that extra poundage and get down to size. With our new formula you will not eat a thing. In just two weeks we guarantee a loss of 30-40 pounds. What other company can guarantee that? Look for "Flesh-Away" at your favorite pharmacy.

Well, I ended up buyin' that Flesh-Away. Hey it's got a guarantee and everything. You can't beat that.

It's now three weeks since I bought the stuff, and I'm down to 72 lbs. I figure in two more I can hit 55, and from there who knows the possibilities? Well, now I know the guys will notice me!

Kurt Fauerbach

15

THE BALLAD OF THE DECALOGUE

The mountainside was dangerous,
Yet Moses did not scare,
He climbed the mountain, for he knew
His life was in God's care.

He disappeared for forty days,
His people were so bold;
Unknowingly they built a cow,
An idol made of gold.

When Moses brought the tablets down,
He hated what he saw;
He broke the tablets on a rock
And stood there deep in awe.

A second chance God gave to man,
And Moses climbed that night,
This second journey took its toll;
His hair changed, brown to white.

Commandments that the tablets held
Together equailed ten;
A booming voice said from the sky,
"My law is for all men."

The first is that of memory,
For men cannot forget;
There is a lord who saved them from
A life they would regret.

The second law is that of faith;
No idol shall be made,
And should a person break this law
God's love for him might fade.

The third is one that limits speech,
For holy is God's name;
No matter what a person says
It shan't be used in vain.

In six weekdays God formed the Earth;
The Sabbath was for rest--
A simple task God asks of you
To honor it your best.

Your love for parents should be strong
And honor should be, too--
And may you live a long, ripe life
To have sons honor you.

The sixth command thou shalt not break
No matter how you feel--
To murder is an evil deed
And this wound will not heal.

A married man shall have a wife;
No mistress shall he see:
No wife shall be adulterous,
Or damned both lives will be.

What's yours is yours; what's mine is mine.
God's law will see to that.
The man who finds the need to steal
Behaves just like a rat.

To bear false witness is a crime;
God stands for honesty,
And if you lie against your friends,
Your soul condemned shall be.

The tenth command is jealousy,
Which is a shade of green,
The Lord, He frowns upon the man
Who covets all that's seen.

When Moses gave the Decalogue,
He turned and said no more,
And with his wife he went to sleep;
His mind was very sore.

This story may be different,
Depending 'pon your creed.
The laws of God are meant to show
The kind of life to lead.

This story may be different;
The laws remain the same.
Obey the laws and follow God
Or feel the Devil's flame.

Viens à moi,
Et je te montrerai
L'amour que j'ai pour toi.
Si doux est mon amour
Qu'il rivalise
Les bonbons
Que je donne à toi.
Cet amour durera pour toujours
Je ne te libérerai jamais.

Scott Rotman

La Vida

Un camino de tinieblas,
Estirando largo y ancho;
No se sabe adónde va o que hará.
Es solamente una senda sinuosa.

Elyssa Rubin

WELLEN

auf und ab

drohende Strömung
zieht nach unten

weisser Schaum
mit seinem Geruch

nässt den Sand
wo ich liege

besprüht mein Gesicht
meine Haut brennt

aber ich verbleibe
um zu geniessen

die Symphonie
der Wellen.

Mark Kraus

Orbis, circumagens, vertens,
Fluens e praeteritis
Ad presens, ad futurum
Unō in motū perpetuō.
Omnia in unam picturam immiscuerunt
Movens in spirali ad infinitum.

Albert Eng

programmed emotions

Does the mind that grasps at naught but air,
Dwell about without a care,
But to ponder what rhythms sing
From the beating insect's wing?
Will the heart that knows no song,
Ache just to sing along
With the riotous gush of rain
Blanketing the window pane?
Mind the hand that does no harm,
A blessing to its parent arm.
Kiss the lips that have no voice,
For silent protest means no choice.
Lean heavy on subservient crutch,
False friends for which you care not much.
Walk the roads of life alone,
Ice-cold blood and heart of stone.
Keep your back against the wall,
Over your assets on which to fall.
Your gold to which you clasp so tight,
Travels heavy but feeds too light.
Keep your life one step above
The mortal ways of hate and love.

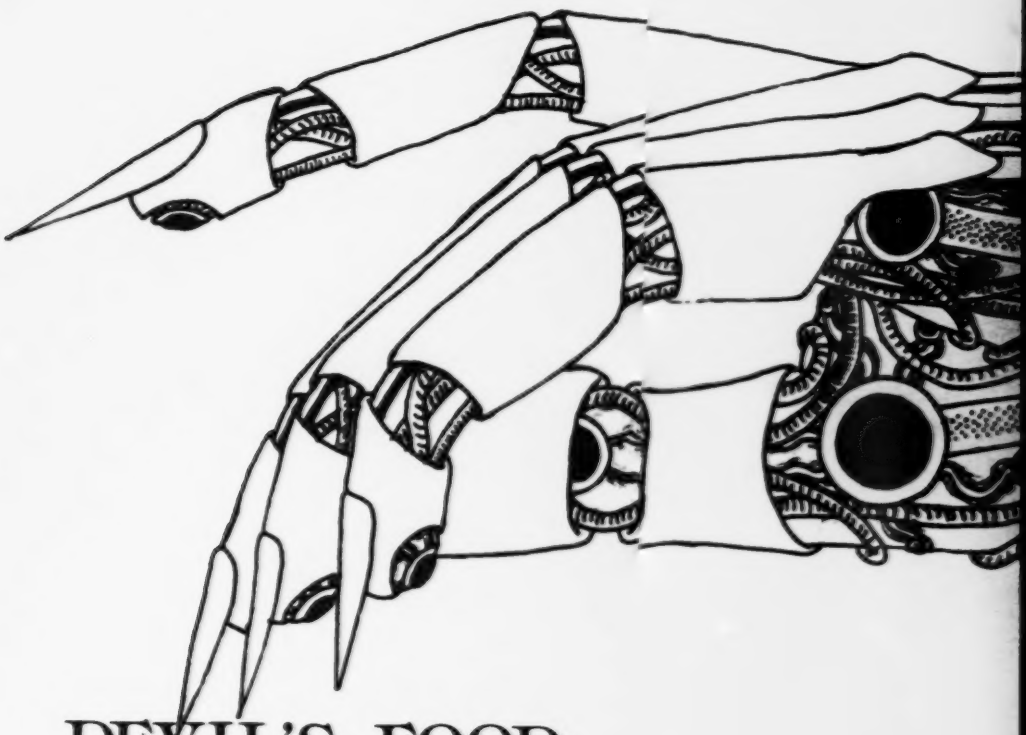
Jim Marinelli

SONNET

The lights go down, and up the curtain goes.
Electric stillness fills the quiet air,
And steadily anticipation grows.
Excitement mounts as actors start to dare,
Becoming other people for a night.
The audience becomes as one to live,
Their problems, sorrow, laughter, joy and fright.
They reach out to the actors, for they give
Their sympathy till ev'rything is fine.
The folks sit on the edges of their seats
Until the finishing dramatic line.
The spectators, amazed from all the feats,
Begin to shout, and now the actors know
It was all worth the trouble of the show.

Deborah Reed

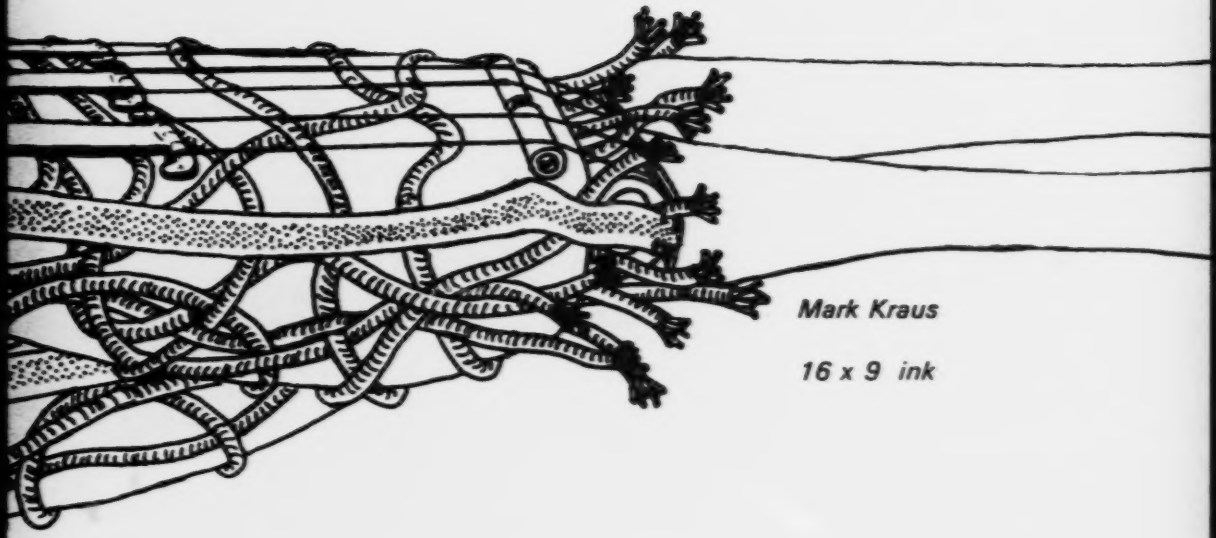
My height is a wall that I can't get over.
They say I grow, but then it seems the
wall grows too. Each brick is a part of life from childhood
to manhood, an obstacle that I can't overcome.
My friends have all scaled the wall, but I'm on
the other side by myself, still climbing.
Michael Gordon



DEVIL'S FOOD

The dessert on the table-
a luscious cake of devil's food,
Its icing--a facade, a sweet, sugary coating,
It sits innocently--waiting for the attack.
A hand grabs, devours
the once perfect dish,
A piece is gone...
Yet not the last,
For there will be others;
Why shouldn't there be?
Another piece is taken,
Another,
Still another;
What is left of this lurer?
Only crumbs,
A result of the lip-smacking,
seductive appearance.
Only crumbs,
Swallowed by society.

Karen Bogucz



Mark Kraus

16 x 9 ink

KISSING

warm and sweet
on the sofa
leading
misleading
feeling used
over and over
wet and comforting
in front of the TV
dreaming
drunk
wanting, revealing
feeling guilt
dark
lights out
getting late
fear
dismay of
getting caught
a liar's moon
uncontrolled....
regret

Karin Rylander

THE BRITISH INVADE NEW YORK CITY

It seemed only fitting that the year celebrating the twentieth anniversary of The Beatles' arrival in the United States that Duran Duran should begin their biggest and most successful U.S. tour to date.

The "Fab Five", as the band has been dubbed by fans and critics alike, launched what's been called the "The Second British Invasion." Only no one was screaming "The British are coming! The British are coming!"; it was more like, "John, I love you!!" and "Simon, look this way!"

Upon walking into Madison Square Garden March nineteenth, 1984, you could sense that this wasn't going to be any ordinary concert. Maybe it was the electricity in the air, or maybe it was the unusually large number of multi-colored spiked haircuts, felt fedoras, leather pants, and the leather gloves cropped at the knuckles. The slightest glimpse of a fedora from the box seats over head sent 20,000 girls into fits of delirium shouting, "Oh my God, it's Nick!!!" at the top of their lungs. After five "Oh my God, it's Nick!!!" 's and a few "Oh my God, it's John!!!" 's, you realized that it wasn't either one, but you couldn't help looking up just to make sure.

Now you've found your seat, right up front so you can see everything, and you have the entire line of Duran Duran memorabilia planted firmly in your lap: a jersey, a bandana, a headband, five posters, a program, and five pins which just cleaned you out of three months' allowance.

You start to get jumpy. When are they going to get this concert started? All through the warm-up band's set all you can think about is seeing your favorite guys standing not more than twenty-five feet away from you! The warm-up band's finished and you wait as the roadies move the equipment around. Wow, there's J.T.'s bass and Andy's guitar and....What if they don't show up? What if....

All of your fears are put to rest as the lights dim and the roar of the crowd sends a wave of energy through the Garden. Strains of "Tiger Tiger" drift out from behind the red curtains. Within three minutes it is MASS HYSTERIA with everybody jumping to "Is There Something I Should Know?"

And something you knew all along was that the most popular band to come out of England's "New Romantic" period wasn't going to let you down. Lead singer Simon Le Bon was in top form, his voice was at its best and he could have danced circles around Michael Jackson.

Keyboardist Nick, "I've-Got-More-Synthesizers-Than-You-So-There" Rhodes and bassist John Taylor were the recipients of screams that were probably heard in Pittsburgh. Besides being the most popular guys in the place, they contributed to the excellent presentation of such new wave classics as "New Religion," "The Reflex," and "Hungry Like The Wolf."

Drummer Roger Taylor and guitarist Andy Taylor got a mighty warm reception as well when their faces appeared on the Diamond Vision screens which hung above the stage.

You've been dancing wildly for an hour, so when Simon brought his acoustic guitar on stage, you breathed a long, but happy sigh of relief. It was time for their eternal love song, "Save A Prayer." The sweet melodic flow sent twenty thousand lighters and twice as many bodies into a hypnotic sway. Tears fell from thousands of starry eyes.

Simon says you've rested long enough, and the last songs of the set have you dancing again. Leaving everyone with the sounds of "Planet Earth" still ringing in their ears, Duran Duran exited, stage right. Then the chants went up. "What about 'Rio'?"

More screams, the boys bounce back on stage, rip through "Rio," and leave again.

And once again the chants begin, "Girls On Film! Girls On Film!" You'd be amazed at how effective 40,000 people chanting "Girls On Film" can be! The five not-so-ragged tigers graciously obliged us with the Duran Duran classic, "Girls On Film."

Then the house lights went on and you knew it was over. You look at the empty stage with an equally empty feeling. You want to cry, but you laugh. Was it something Simon said? No, it was the picture of Nick trying to be macho by taking off his shirt. It was great. You had a good time and you've got your memories...And hey, aren't they going to be at the Brendan Byrne next month?

Liza Martino
Tammy Coremin

Jennifer Porta
25

13½ x 14½

THE GOLDEN SON

My God, you are so perfect,
Every golden beam,
Every sacred dream,
Everything you own I wish I, too, possessed.
Your brilliance is yours alone,
You share it sparingly, angrily, unwillingly...
Yet you are still so perfect.
A tiny crack in the mirror there may be,
But if there is, I cannot see it.
Am I blinded by the mirage of you?
Your golden age, your golden hair,
Your barren white smile that fails to warm despite your glow.
My God, you are so perfect,
Every bronze hill,
Every blue pool,
Everything you are I wish I were too.
Your love is yours alone,
You share it warily, cautiously, bitterly...
If I were to pull the brick from the bottom of the pile,
Would you crumble at my feet?
Am I strong enough to break you?
Your silver voice, your silver tongue,
Your frozen heart that fails to melt despite my love.
My God, you are so perfect.

Liza Martino

THE GAME

A long, green field.
The gambler stands amidst the shooting,
Spewing money like blood.
As he wages war with fate,
He is mercilessly stripped of his wealth.
He must win it back.

The gambler enters the circle at the poker game,
Desperately hoping to regain his loss.
But the odds are not in his favor,
And the spade that will dig his grave
Is drawn,
As he loses all.

Marsha Braslavsky

13¾ x 10½ · *Craig Alexander*

DEAD END

A sad sound clanged from the steeple. The usually cheerful afternoon chime was replaced by a loud, thudding bang, echoing through the town. Figures in black crowded at the church steps with only comfort and sympathy to offer the broken-hearted mother. The dark veil covering her face was not enough to hide her loud cries and sobs as her mind drifted in a whirlwind of memories...

Spring's valiant attempt to arrive was not in vain, as the fresh sun warmed the chill in the air. A crack of sunlight crept between the window curtains, and the motionless figure slowly came to life.

"Stud! Saturday morning," mumbled the seventeen year old. "That means tonight is Saturday night!"

"Samuel," a loud, pleasant voice called,"a perfect morning to cut the lawn, don't you think?"

A grumble under his breath, and then, "Yeah, okay Mom, I'm getting up now."

The late morning sun was hot on his back as he pushed the mower with determination. Finishing the lawn meant getting his allowance, and he

knew what that meant. Jack's candy-apple red Mustang pulled up in front of the house.

"Sam, ready for tonight?"

"I'm working on it buddy, I'm working on it."

Two honks of the horn and another innocent victim was on his way.

The big decision, his leather or his denim? Which jacket should he wear? Better wear the leather, it gets a little cold up there at the dead end.

"Mom, I'm going."

"Be good, have fun, and not too late!" The unsuspecting mother saw her son off to a night of fun-filled tragedy.

A few quick stops, Ron's, John's, Jack's, then one more, Carriage House Liquors. Two cases, four guys, all the necessities for a great night.

"Next stop, the dead end!" With cheers of agreement, they were on their way.

Crunch, clang, the crushed beer cans formed a large pile.

"Beer run, anyone? We're running low."

"I'm game," Sam replied,"Jack, come along for the ride."

A screech of tires and they were off for another needed beer run. Fifty, sixty, the speedometer climbed, seventy-five, cruisin' on the main strip.

"Sam, are you all right? Sam, Sam, oh my God, look out for that tree, look out!" A close call, back on the right track. The car slowed down; Jack let out a loud sigh of relief.

"Hey, Jack, let's take Lakewood's curve at fifty. Ron and Craig took it at forty-five. Let's go for it." Deaf to Jack's refusal, Sam approached the dangerous curve, revved the engine, put his foot to the floor. Speedometer at fifty, go for it.

The six pall-bearers carried the brass trimmed oak coffin. The devastated mother followed hopelessly. The steps cleared as everyone filed into the church.

Lisa Farese

THE ROSE (In memory of P. F.)

Sometimes a rose is not a rose.
When the doors of perception are flung open,
And a fire roars inside your head,
The only constant
Is your hand
which fades before your eyes.
And the big orange polyclogs climb into your head
And devour your brain
And envelop your sense.
And the only comfort is the glassy-eyed adult
Doubled-over the sink,
Puking up the memories of his midnight romp.
And a rose is a rose is a rose....

Marc Levy

FLOATING ON THE WIND

On and on,
I float.

Paralyzed,

By my own feelings,
My own dreams,
And fears.

Like a flower,
Blown on a breeze...

I continue to float,
Lost,
Lost in my own world.

There is no sound
Except for the sound of wind,
Whistling
Through my mind.

Let me land,
I need to plant myself,
Steady myself,
Root myself

Into something that will allow me
To grow
And blossom beautifully

I feel the earth under me;
Let's become one.
I can't grow if we don't unite!
My world will continue to be
A flower floating on the wind,
As I float on my dreams.
Like a flower we must
Plant
Ourselves
In reality.

Until then,
Life will be
A lost Flower...

Floating on the wind.

Jen Desnoyer

Marsha Brasiavsky

39

31

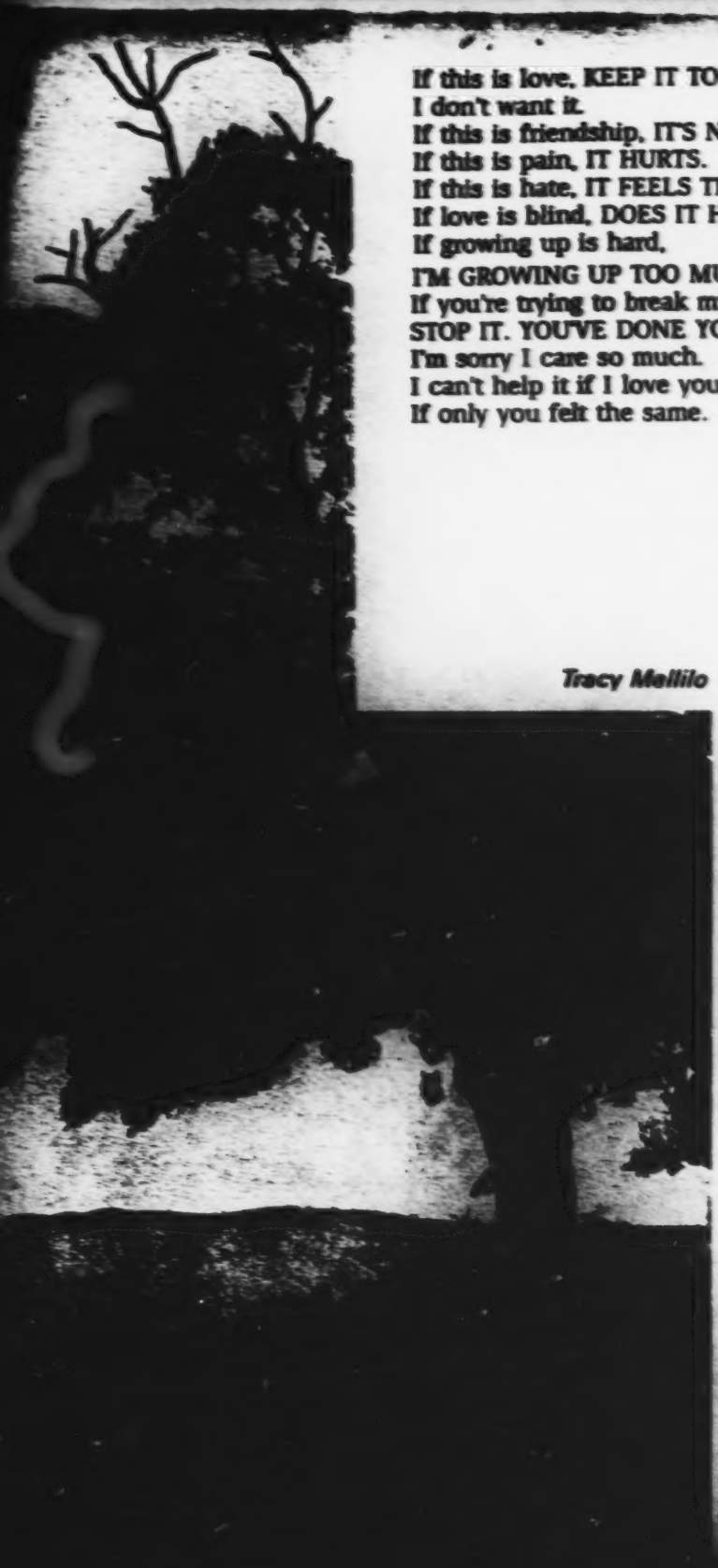
8½ x 10

Darlene Kudla

THE BELL JAR

I saw her hanging from a tree.
The tree where we used to sit.
The tree where we used to play.
Her face was a strange color blue.
It blended with the fall leaves.
Her feet dangled.
The oxfords skimming across the tall dry grass.
I saw my best friend hanging from a tree.

Jen Syron



If this is love, KEEP IT TO YOURSELF--
I don't want it.
If this is friendship, IT'S NOT REAL.
If this is pain, IT HURTS.
If this is hate, IT FEELS THE WAY IT SHOULD.
If love is blind, DOES IT HAVE TO HURT?
If growing up is hard,
I'M GROWING UP TOO MUCH, TOO FAST.
If you're trying to break my heart,
STOP IT. YOU'VE DONE YOUR JOB 100 TIMES OVER.
I'm sorry I care so much.
I can't help it if I love you.
If only you felt the same.

Carol Kasten

Tracy Mellilo

41

33

24 x 18 ink on watercolor

WEDDING VOWS

with this ring
I LOVE HER, MEG
i thee wed
ANOTHER WOMAN? YOU S.O.B.!
to have and to hold
I JUST KNEW YOU'D BE LIKE THIS!
in sickness and in health
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU GOING?
till death do us part
GOODBYE, MEG.

Liz Panos

Love is like a boat on a winding river,
Floating gently through the water.
Then up around the bend,
The rapids thrash the boat,
Tossing it to and fro,
And the mariners fight to
Keep it afloat.

John Zogheb

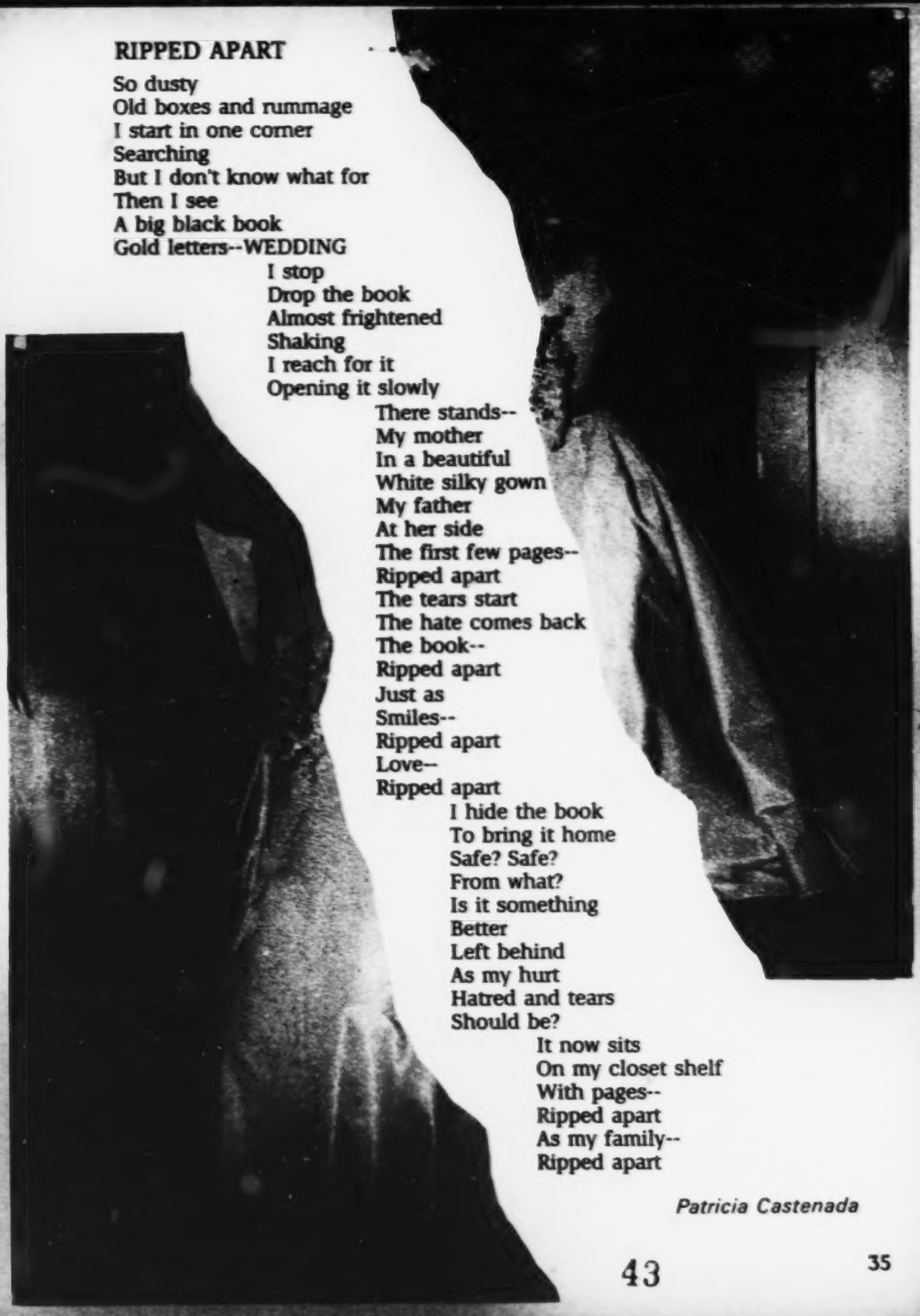
He left me just like
That.
With two small children,
Rent to pay.
The car at the mechanics.
The house needs a fresh coat of paint.
Our kitchen wallpaper, no
Longer clinging to the walls is
Like a worn band-aid,
Peeling away from an old wound.

Laura Barbieri

RIPPED APART

So dusty
Old boxes and rummage
I start in one corner
Searching
But I don't know what for
Then I see
A big black book
Gold letters--WEDDING
I stop
Drop the book
Almost frightened
Shaking
I reach for it
Opening it slowly
There stands--
My mother
In a beautiful
White silky gown
My father
At her side
The first few pages--
Ripped apart
The tears start
The hate comes back
The book--
Ripped apart
Just as
Smiles--
Ripped apart
Love--
Ripped apart
I hide the book
To bring it home
Safe? Safe?
From what?
Is it something
Better
Left behind
As my hurt
Hatred and tears
Should be?
It now sits
On my closet shelf
With pages--
Ripped apart
As my family--
Ripped apart

Patricia Castenada



STARDUST AND MOONLIGHT

When, as a child, I'd gaze into
The sky, I'd see the wondrous view
As though it promised much to me,
Each star an opportunity.
To me the future gleamed as bright
As all the sky's celestial light,
And the moon's most silver beams
Could not outshine my childhood dreams.

While growing up, the stars somehow
Seem more to mock than promise now,
Reminding with their graceful glow
Of laughter that I'll never know,
And hinting, with their stunning shine,
That they have joys that can't be mine.
A moonbeam is a teasing cry...
"Come tread on me, and reach the sky."

My greatest fear is when I'm old,
To see the sky will turn me cold,
For what was once a childhood friend
Brings only mem'ries in the end.
The stars, so permanent, shine on,
And will long after I am gone.
Stardust and moonlight will fill the eyes
Of youngsters looking into my skies.

Anne Pollaert

THE MOON

Jewel on black velvet, pearl in the sea
Polished with frost, many times explored
Sparkling in obscure bright ebony.

Arpan Ghosh

Marci Stolz

The Flickering Candle

Candles, candles, flickering, struggling for life, and then.... my dream ended; the cool wind woke me up. A soft ocean breeze flipped my curtains high in the air waving at me. Sleepy and tired from the day's work at the boatyard with my brother, Hank, I lay in bed in the early evening. Either the change in the weather or the bug zapping itself against the screen door as the wind whistled through woke me. Sam had tipped his litter box and was off wandering. I wasn't fully awake but gradually I came to. I didn't know what it was; I just felt disturbed, cranky. Maybe it was because everything was quiet, maybe because the whole atmosphere felt different or maybe because I had to find Sam. I didn't know; I just didn't like it.

Was that Sam purring outside? Walking to the screen door to check it out, I peered into the street. The wind had picked up even more, and the sky was getting darker. The wind rustled through the dry leaves overhead. I saw a stray baby carriage begin to roll backwards faster and faster, until it crashed into the Walsh's fence across the street. Within their fenced yard, the house seemed alive as the wind whined through it and a rocking chair creaked slowly on the porch.

The Walshes had left the shore a month before the summer season ended, but every weekend Mr. Walsh and his son, Danny, Hank's best friend, came down to fish for flounder. This weekend too, they were down and everyone who knew them at the boatyard was happy to see them. Now as I looked at their house, I noticed something peculiar: a small, lighted candle on their porch by the rocker. How'd it get there? How did it stay lit in the wind?

A small ball bounced across the street as Sam chased after it. There he was! He ran and caught it, then chased after the ball again, over and over till for some reason he stopped. He stood transfixed as a man now sat in Mr. Walsh's creaking chair. Pushing open the screen door, I walked to the front steps. What? How could this be? How did he get there? I walked down to the street to pick up Sam, while I continued to watch the man. He just stared at Sam, with eyes so...so vacant, so ugly, so deathlike. He continued to stare at Sam as if he were directing him through those sad eyes. Suddenly, Sam turned and ran down the street seemingly on command. I had to get Sam; I had to get him before the storm broke.

From the street, I could see the clouds racing inland—black, ominous, threatening. Nobody else was around. It struck me how different it was from the summer when boys on bicycles filled the streets, people walked the boardwalk and ladies sipped iced tea on the porches.

Following Sam's sounds, which I could barely hear through the howling

I noticed something peculiar: a small, lighted candle on their porch by the rocker. How'd it get there? How did it stay lit in the wind?

wind, I searched on. I turned around, but could no longer see the man, only the chair rocking in the wind. Was I mad? Had there really been a man there? This is crazy, I thought. Yet the candle still stood next to the rocker—somehow it made me sure that he had been there. At that instant, the wind suddenly swung the branches in the opposite direction, and a crack of lightning struck down a nearby tree. Then the rain, gushing from the stomachs of the dark clouds, flooded the streets.

I saw Sam turn the corner and race towards the boatyard. Why? On I rushed. The sea was alive, seemingly possessed by evil spirits, as its turbulent waves, like fingers, clawed wildly at the wind. The boats at the dock strained against their ropes, trying to break free. Sam stopped at the place where the Walsh's boat was docked. But no boat! The boat was gone. Oh my God, they're out in the storm! But, how did Sam know to take me here?

I thought I heard a scream, a scream of pain...a scream of death?

I raced towards the edge of the boatdock. There! Way out there on the reef lay two boats upended and slowly sinking. I thought I heard a scream, a scream, of pain—a scream of death? With Sam tucked under my arm, I raced home. Hank had to be home now or else the rescue could not be made.

Mounting the steps, I heard Hank inside. Thank God! After phoning for extra help, we raced back toward the dock. I never saw Hank run so fast. There was a terrified look in his eyes that reflected his anxiety for Danny.

In seconds we were cutting, slicing and knifing our way through the wind-blown, four-foot waves. The spray pelleted our eyes and flooded the floor of the craft. It was almost impossible to steer. For one brief moment, I lost the angle into the wave and it looked as though we were going to capsize. But somehow we regained balance.

There were the two boats, one the Walsh's and the other an old dingy. This I barely made out through the rocking and swishing water: water from below and above, water from everywhere. As we drew near the wreckage, I heard no sound. It seemed as though Hank realized this also: it made him work that much faster.

Finally, we closed in on the wreckage and saw two bodies lying on the bow of Mr. Walsh's boat and another floating face down. Carefully, I timed myself. At the right crest and angle, I pushed the craft forward, avoiding the wreckage strewn about, and pulled alongside the bow. Hank leaned over and in one swift motion, hoisted one of the bodies onboard, and then the other. The first body was Mr.Walsh, alive but groping for air and energy. The second was Danny who appeared dead at first, but after Hank listened for his heartbeat, we realized he was alive. Positioning the craft for the third body, I piloted Hank alongside, and he pulled the last one onboard who was obviously dead—he had a nasty gash across his head... and the eyes—so gray...so deathlike...Oh God! It was the same man I had seen on the porch! It can't be...I couldn't make any sense of it. In the heaving waves, I stared at the man, but I had to dismiss everything else and steer the craft toward shore. The ferocious waves coughed up our craft like, yet we remained afloat. At last, after struggling with the ocean, we were back and Mr. Walsh and Danny were put on stretchers by a small rescue team that had gathered. Somebody exclaimed that the dead body was Mr. Steinfeld. With this, everyone became quiet. He had been

an old friend of Mr. Walsh and of many of the older anglers at the boatyard. Now they carefully laid Mr. Steinfeld on another stretcher and covered his face with a blanket. Hank decided to go with them to the hospital and they drove off.

he just stared at Sam, with eyes so ... so vacant, so ugly, so deathlike.

I was alone now standing on the dock looking out over the sea with my face into the sharp wind. In the distance, I saw both boats had sunk. A few waves hurled some boards high into the air. The rest was gone. The wind flipped my rain-drenched stringy hair as water, trickled down my collar. My mind started to twist as I tried to sort things out. How could Mr. Steinfeld be on the porch, I thought? It just couldn't have been him. Then who?...The gash was the same as the man on the porch. But Mr. Steinfeld was dead–he died in the ocean...and how did Sam know to take me directly to the boatyard? The man on the porch had been staring at him. Was it possible...?

Shivering now, I turned and crossed into the street. The wind was beginning to weaken. No one was around–no one. As I approached my house, little Sam came racing out to me. Scooping him up, I tucked him next to me and held him close. Inside I placed Sam back in his box. Exhausted, I stretched out on the bed and gazed out the window. My mind raced over the events of the day, as the curtains waved high in the air at me. The ocean breeze that filtered through was cool and drafty. Through the window, I could see the old rocking chair–rocking back and forth, moving by itself, as though Mr. Steinfeld should be sitting in it gazing with those vacant eyes. But no one was there, nothing except the lighted candle. It was the only light left shining in the late evening. It struggled for life against the ocean breeze; it flickered ... and then ... it disappeared. The chair stopped rocking.

Bill Bartnick

MEMORIES

Deep brown cedar chest,
Filled with scents of old cashmere sweaters and mothballs,
Amongst the cobweb lace,
Frayed, yellow snapshots of long gone ancestors
Hidden beneath the brassy lock,
I peer in—
Their faces reflect up at me through the keyhole.

Christy O'Brien

Ron Fuchs

DEATH

a club
an exclusive fraternity

with reluctant
membership

where
no one resigns

but for some
grateful
benediction.

Cara Conway

a dark alley
in which

newspapers are
strewn

plastered wet to
brick walls

yet even though
they may be

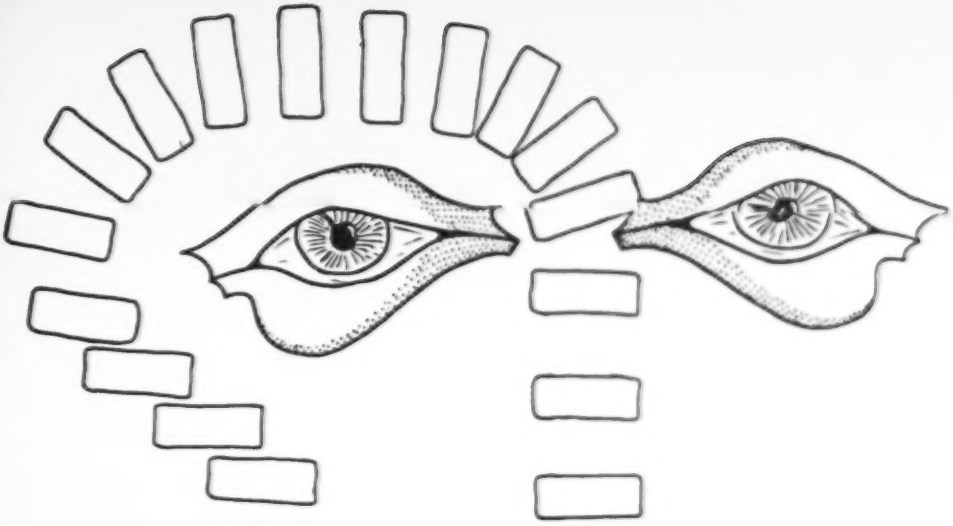
overlooked by
most

they will remain there
forever.

Linda Hoffmann

scary yet soothing
dark yet light
a sadness to the heart
a loss to a friend
something of wonder
something of fear
a light at the end
a painful trip
a question of why
a question of when
like a veil of blackness
death captures.

Tara Phelan



PORTRAIT: JACK SMITH, THE KOREAN WAR

The killing hadn't bothered him. He had been in artillery, and the people he fired at were shapes, merely a blur. "It's not a feeling," he thought, "It doesn't affect you. To kill is to kill."

The hospital was worse than seeing a uniformed corpse lying on the hard ground. If you were in uniform, "it was part of the job." "But somehow when you were in the hospital, out of the uniform, away from the guns, you were supposed to be safe. You just shouldn't have died."

Lonely. Yes, that was what war was. He remembered the nights in the hoachies (a hole in the ground with a log cabin top covered with sandbags.) The hoachies were infested with rats that carried hymeoragic fever. No matter how much DDT was sprayed, there was always a rat who survived. "And that rat used to sit in the hole with you. but you never minded because at least it was someone."

Hills had been a major part of the war. It had been "take a hill, lose a hill, and back and forth." And in the end it was "crazy, for nothing."

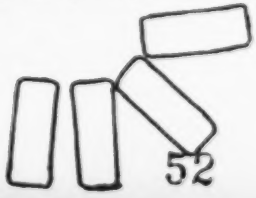
But there had been good times, too. "It was just like MASH." In basic training there had been a guy who wanted out on a Section 8. He originally had been a vegetable vendor and used to scream in the middle of the night, "tomatoes" and other vegetables. As he grew more desperate, he had punched a priest and an officer, but still wasn't dismissed.

Then there was his closest friend, Barney Schwartz, who was so opposed to fighting that he volunteered to be Captain of the Latrine.

The war had been a "phase of growing up, an education you couldn't buy." "As long as there is no fighting, everybody should spend two years in the army."

Jennifer Syron

Mark Kraus



JOURNAL

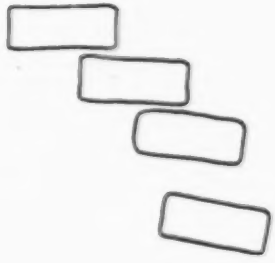
"All right, girls, we need 2000 sandwiches by lunchtime." That's a lot of bread to butter! With the clamor of the slicing machine and the swishing of sandwiches into plastic baggies, we turned out sandwiches like a General Motors assembly line. There was a cheerful chatter as we packed the food for the victims of the ravaging flood.

At the Mass Care Center in Wayne, stationed in the James Fallon Educational Center, is the food unit that makes and distributes meals to local shelters and nearby towns. Sitting behind a desk piled high with papers, forms, and sign-in sheets, with a patient, good-natured expression, was Teresa Schulman, full-time Red Cross volunteer in charge of Mass Care.

"Where's the janitor, Teresa?" "I'll be in tomorrow at nine, Teresa." "We're out of juice, Teresa." "I need someone to help on the van, Teresa." Amidst the constant rush of food-making and delivering, she must contact high-shoolers, boy scouts, girl scouts, women's clubs, and church groups in search of volunteers. And who was to be her totally inexperienced, but willing assistant? You guessed it! It was a step up for me, anyway. The previous day the unit made 4000 sandwiches, and I had been a sandwich butterer. That's right, sandwich butterer. Pretty big step, wouldn't you say?

Helping people in a time of need, directly of indirectly, making friends and having fun—seeing people care. That's fulfillment enough for Teresa. Do you know anyone who can't butter a piece of bread?

Liz Panos



MY TRUSTED FRIEND

I am not there
to laugh at your jokes
but walk right beside you.

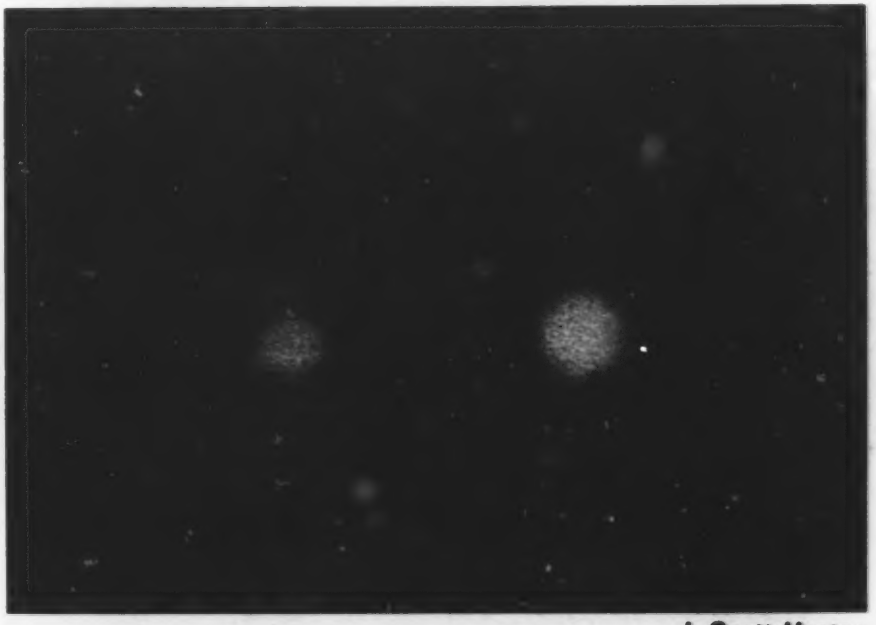
Paula Sano

Talk to me, friend,

For when you are troubled,
Your eyes reveal the emptiness
in your soul.

Tracy Ferguson

on tides of
paradox



J. Scott Hester

Peering through the clouds of fog
Eyes search for islands in the haze
Forgetting where he's come from
His mind flows through the ancient moonlit maze.
Struggling through the labyrinth without a destination
His confusion gradually deepening.
Instincts rise in desperation
In the paradox lies true meaning.

Drawn through peril and paths uncharted
Into maelstrom and inferno,
Drawn through death and rebirth
Into paradox eternal.
Distant wailing
Distant calling
Arms are flailing
Body's falling.
Out on the sea a storm is raging;
A ship is borne upon the waves.
Out on the sea a storm is raging;
Man lies sleeping in his caves.
Distant wailing
Distant roaring
Strength is failing
Body's soaring.
Standing on a timeless shore
Looking towards an ageless sea
Waiting for a summoning
Waiting for a chance to be.
Distant wailing
Distant ranting
Confusion failing
The whole world's dancing.
He waits no longer;
The task is done.
The summoner
He has become.
He sounds the horn
Three mighty blasts to fulfill his destiny;
He sounds the horn
Three mighty blasts to set the eye of paradox free.
Distant wailing
Distant chanting
Hands grasp railing
Finally standing.
Out on the sea all is calm
And man steers ship onto the shore.
Out on the sea all is calm
And of fog and haze there is no more.
Standing on a timeless shore
Looking towards an ageless sea
Searching for the summoner
He knows that he has ceased to be.

William Rubel

FUN and GAMES

BRITAIN, 20 years after Ralph is rescued in Lord of the Flies.

The rain had stopped and the mist was lifting as Ralph briskly walked to his small flat on Castle Street. As he neared the drive, he could hear the familiar sounds of his two young boys and their friends playing in the empty lot behind the apartment.

"Hi, Dad! How was your day?"

"Hello, Jeff, Richard. Just fine thanks. Don't stay out too long. Supper will be ready in about an hour." The laughter continued. Smiling to himself, Ralph began his ascent to their third floor flat. The sharp crackle of the blazing fire and the burst of warm air gave him a feeling of comforting safety when he opened the door. With a cheerful hug his wife, Samantha, greeted her husband and he sat down to read the evening paper.

About an hour later, Sam asked him to call the boys. The crisp evening air poured into the room as he slid open the glass door and stepped out onto the balcony. Just as he was about to speak, the boys' actions caught his attention. They had formed a circle around Johnny, the smallest, and were taunting him with sticks.

"Get him. Get him," the boys were chanting. Ralph broke out into a cold sweat. "Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!" spun through his head. Unable to control his thoughts, Ralph was thrust back into the savage world of the island. He could feel bullets of rain pelting on his bare back and his matted hair clinging to his forehead. A jagged blue-white line of lightning split the tumultuous sky in two, and thunder exploded, adding to the abominable noise of the screaming savages. Jack and his tribe were beginning their obscene dance on the beach. A thing was breaking the boundary of the living circle.

"Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!" Spears, sharpened at both ends, jabbed at the screeching figure and ripped at the hot flesh. As the boys staggered away, the once-white sand became stained with Simon's blood. Slowly, the body was washed to sea.

"That was murder," Ralph blurted.

"It was no accident. No accident...no accident!!!"

"Is something wrong, Dad?" Jeff's inquisitive voice jolted Ralph back to reality. Face flushed with fear and anger, Ralph harshly ordered the boys to come inside.

"Oh, Dad. Can't we just stay out for a few more..."

"No! Come in right now!"

Jeff was confused. They hadn't done anything wrong. The tear smudged face looked up and spluttered, "It was only fun and games..."

Maureen Jarkesy
Laura Salizzoni

Karen Parver
14 x 17 colored pencil

OBSESSED

The day at the boardwalk was chilly and brisk, but the weather didn't bother me since the sun had been warming me up. After scudding halfway down the boardwalk, I accidentally stumbled into an arcade. Little did I know the brilliant arcade would become my new bedroom. Upon entering, I familiarized myself with the kind of people who dared to invade that enthralling asylum.

While I stood glancing at the video games, a boy, wanting to play the same game I had been looking at, jostled me into the side of the adjacent machine. He, after I impaled him with my fuming eyes, shamelessly said, "Excuse me; oh, do you have change of a dollar?" The machine that gives change was temporarily "out of order." I tried to make as little eye contact as possible to let the boy believe that I was broke, yet I couldn't help but notice his peculiarities. His sweaty and chalky hands had massive callouses; his saliva oozed from the corner of his mouth; his eyes transfixed the air. But the most bizarre was the inseparable attachment of his hands to any machine as though it were energizing a powerful force throughout his body. Life was now not at the heart but at the hand! What was that hold the machine had on him?

As I strolled through, I found my sister Diane, who had introduced me to the hypnotic world of so-called fun—the arcade.

"John, play a game," she urged by placing a quarter in my hand.

"Why? It's only a waste of money—your money," I laughed.

"Oh, just go play something," she begged.

Just as I was about to leave the arcade to buy some gum with her money, he grabbed me. As I cautiously glared over my shoulder, PacMan, the grabber, glowed. He displayed features which I had never seen before in any other game—a glowing screen with vivid hues, the PacMan's defined physique, silhouetted on a screen of dots, and monsters, adorable only at first. I loved him at first sight.

Life was now not at the heart but at the hand! What was that hold the machine had on him?

The next weekend, I prepared myself by overflowing my pockets with quarters. While I waited for some kid to finish his game of PacMan, my sweaty and steamy hands grappled with each other. Finally, when my turn came, I looked at the machine, took a deep breath, and smiled slowly. The quarter was in; it was time to start. I played fairly well, but not good enough for me; I had to do better—so I played again, and again till the person waiting to play scornfully told me to "take a hike." Thinking about how much money I had spent, I then left PacMan with an unsaid good-bye.

Each time I played was never enough. I would go home, take markers with the same colors as those in the game, and draw the board of dots, the monsters, and the PacMan. That done, I pretended I was playing a real game on that piece of paper. But that vicarious plan still didn't satisfy my ravenous appetite.

Albert Choi

Insomnia hit. I would sit in bed and think about getting more points by escaping from the monsters. In short, I became PacMan. At night my eyes would be so tired yet were glued open in fear that the monsters might kill me. Obsession struck! No longer in control, I was ensnared in a world of luminating screens, never sure how to escape.

To crush my addiction, my parents forbade me to play PacMan for a month. When the time passed, I stumbled into my long missed arcade and noticed that my callouses had disappeared. I played. Now I realized how much better I had become. As soon as I had finished I needed to play again. My appetite awakened, hungrier than ever before. Quickly my money vanished. And when all my quarters had run out, I searched the other machines, sticking my hands into the quarter slits. Once in a while, that scheme worked.

But the most bizarre was the inseparable attachment of his hands to any machine as though it were energizing a powerful force throughout his body.

I wanted to control myself but couldn't. I remember praying to God, asking Him to stop my PacMan fever. A week later, outside the arcade, a group of people, wearing black shirts with the letters V.A. printed in fluorescent banana color–PacMan's color–came to me, after I finished my quota of games, and handed a business card to me. It read V.A. "Videoholics Anonymous."

"Are you serious?" I laughed with sarcasm.

"Yes, quite serious," the V.A. man responded, "Our organization has helped many video junkies and has made—"

Obsession struck! No longer in control, I was ensnared in a world of luminating screens,...

"Wait, are you implying that I am addicted to video games?"

"That's right, particularly PacMan. I've been watching you the past few months, and each time you play, you're never satisfied; you can't stop."

I realized then that the V.A. was aware of people's addictions to video games. Intrigued and flattered that they had followed me, I decided to go to their meeting. After three months of sessions, I was no longer obsessed. The V.A. freed me from my PacMan bond. (I must refrain from telling exactly how the V.A. helped me because their methods of "deobsessionizing" are kept a secret between the patient and the therapist.)

Now, two years later, I am a therapist for the V.A. I must confess that I sometimes rekindle the flame–play the game–but this time I'm the one in CONTROL.

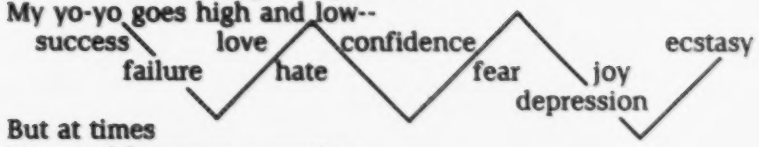
John Massood

9 x 11 **Brad Friedman**

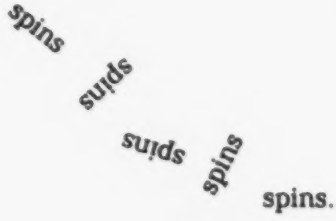
Сними шаль времени
И растопи воспоминания огнём свечи
Пусть плача свеча создаст
Твой силуэт из восковых слёз. **Marsha Braslavsky**

Take off the shawl of time
And melt the memories with candle light
Let the candle cry creating
A silhouette of you with tears of wax.

My life is a yo-yo,
Traveling up and down
The emotional string of my mind.
My yo-yo goes high and low--



But at times
My mind becomes a captive
In an emotional rut--
My life's yo-yo hits a knot
And just spins



spins.

Amy Aslaksen

Picture a tall, creamy, spinning, thick, melting, double dip, chocolate, and peanut butter ice cream cone from Baskin Robbins. As you work your way up the cone, it gets wider and crunchier, and the chocolate lumps and peanut butter chunks hang down from the sides. The colors swirl together as if it were the origins of a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup. The huge, plump scoops of ice cream are placed down one on top of the other, forming a permanent bond as they melt into each other. Continuously chewed, licked, and sucked upon, the ice cream slowly disappears. Then you hear the first crunch of the cone sounding like two helmets hitting in the NFL. It becomes a contest to see if the ice cream melts before you are able to push the whole thing into the mouth. A chunk of peanut butter gets stuck to the roof of your mouth. OH NO! The melting cone approaches the finishing line and—it wins! Remaining in your hand:a puddle of chocolate and a chunk of peanut butter.

Susan Phillips

THE RACE

Running in silence,
Each aware of the other
Only by the funnels of
Warm, wet, winter breath.
Across the frozen glade
They sprint.
Billows of steam,
Like a turn-of-the-century railroad engine,
Ignite their course
And signal their approach
As they mount the slope of the final peak.

Accelerating downhill,
They part.
Two as one,
Stride for stride,
Separate,
Diverging flurries of flesh.
Finishing
One and two,
Separate entities
Collapse
And share common exhaustion.

Marc Levy

63

9 x 12

Missy Duchini

Dave DeVries

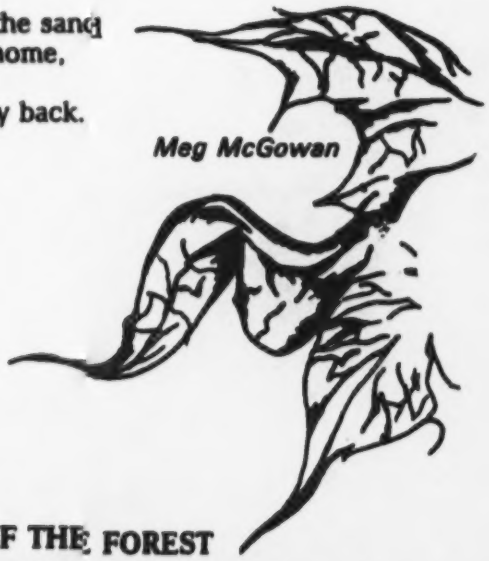
56

9 x 12

64

THE FEATHER

As I walk along the water
Confused, bewildered,
I see a feather
The whiteness of it caught my eye.
So calm,
So gentle,
So innocent.
A feather lying between two rocks
Trapped,
Lost.
What bird did this come from?
Why did it fall out?
Where is the bird now?
The feather,
Safe,
Calm,
Silent, as it lies on the sand
So distant from its home,
Lost,
Never to find its way back.



Meg McGowan

THE PEACE OF THE FOREST

There I stood alone in the vastness of crisp green trees. The cool, damp air filled my lungs with an almost medicinal refreshment; I savored the sweet aroma of the endless ground covering of buttercups and daisies. While the music of the birds relaxed my mind and filled my heart with appreciation of the stillness, the first descending beams of the fiery orange sun darted over the distant ice blue mountains. The linear rays sliced unbent through the mist producing perfect quills from a single origin. The dew-slicked leaves touched by the points of light reflected and sparkled, giving the forest a silvery, glassy fairy-tale appearance. From the simplicity of the spider walking across her droplet-covered, symmetrical web to the perfectly uniform rows of giant pines standing like a brigade of graduating cadets at attention, everything was in order. Lying in a pile of fallen leaves, I fell asleep and dreamt all the world could learn to live in cooperation, love, and peace like that found in the community of the forest.

Kevin Tolnai

SNOWY NIGHT

Snowflakes sweeping
Through the treetops
The snow
Sparkling, glistening
As it drifts softly
To the frozen earth
The solemn forest
Of night
Is all alight
By the luminous glow
Of the snow
The ominous hush
Of the forest
Is broken only
By the swish
Of the snow

Chris Wallace

I see a cloud
go floating by
I hear the laughter
the sound of a cry
I see those days
they pass me by
sometimes I laugh
sometimes I cry
I see my life
as it was before
I feel locked up
where's the door?
I see a dream
I want so much
but it seems too far
I'm too out of touch
I'm living alone
all by myself
it's a phase I'm in
I'm crying for help
can't you see
I want you here
someone help me
my mind isn't clear

Stephanie Taylor

66

Carolyn Kern

9 x 12 acrylic

ROOM 152

Melanie Angiolini

MY OLD BEAR

my
old bear
he kept me
company
when it was
dark
he chased away the
shadows
and was always there
to listen
turning tears into
rainbows.
though he's missing
his nose
and his eyes
don't glow,
he is still
my friend...
my
old
bear...

Erica Olsen

60 *17 x 14 pencil* *Marilyn Johnson*

Eileen Shine

DEEP INSIDE

She gave me life and spoiled me,
A mom whose love was always free.
There is no one to fill her spot,
'Cause she's the only mom I've got.
I love her when she makes me smile
Or stays with me at night awhile.
She gives advice and helps me out,
But through it all she'll never shout,
I'm still her little boy for now,
I can't tell her, I don't know how,
That someday soon I'll be a man
And will repay her if I can,
But deep inside I'll always be
The baby boy she sees in me.

Bill Raffo

THE BLEACHERS

The bleachers standing empty,
Silent reminder of the past.
Good times, bad times,
Wins and losses,
Out on the football field.
But not today.
No, no one is here.
No football team with their sweat-stained jerseys,
No cheerleaders, stirring up spirit,
No fans, rooting for the home team.
No one but me and the memories
And the old empty bleachers.
Home of fans,
Past,
Present,
And future?
I walk home through the softly falling snow.

Andrew Wheeler

7¼ x 5

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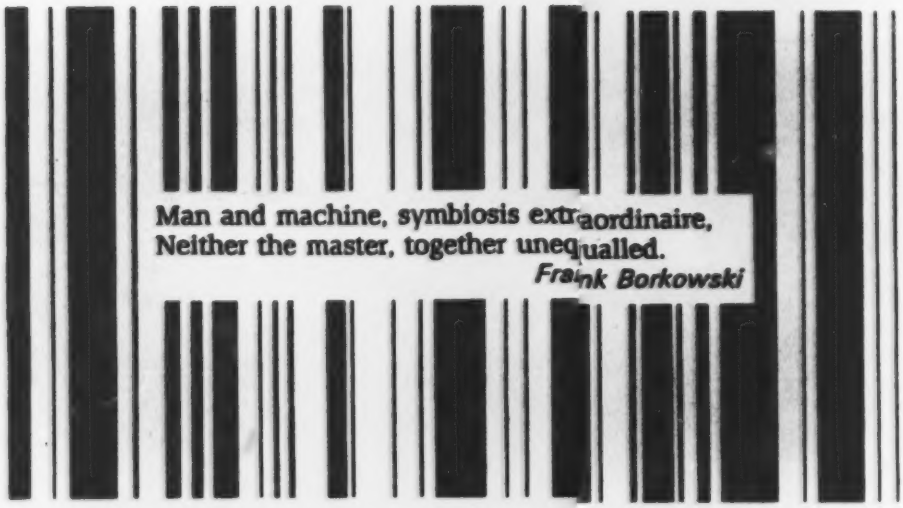

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